



# This is story of a man name Jack.



10 0 1

## Chapter 1 by Lokman Salikoon

This is a story of a man name Jack.

Well, for Jack, it's more like a confession really.

He habours a secret he's kept for many years, just to himself. Not even Joe, his best buddy, had a slightest clue of the existence of this surprising cover-up. Jack knew Joe was too polite to nose around but he definately must have sensed something was askew to my dodgy mis direction of query. It's nothing to hype or shout about really, he drifted a passing remark to himself, trying to lose the tention in his nerves. It certainly isnt a law breaking revelation nor was it something that will fooled everyone into thinking he wasn't who he say he is all this while. Well, says him of cos.

Jack has been living with it almost all his life about the condition and shudders to think of the reprecation of his revelation. Just thinking of the hysteria that would arise from such confession would give Jack a level of discomfort he rather not indulge. But Jack knew the longer he waited, the harder the mindset has to wrap around how normalacy will now have to be thrown out the window in human history. Even Jack himself has trouble deciding the sequence of verbal tonation of how to confess. Not that Joe would drastically turn and shun away from his white lie. The fact that Joe, known to Jack to be the most opened minded person Jack as ever known, was also his only shred of life-line that his reaction would start off the journey on a 'not-screaming-in-fear' note.

But he was prepared to react when Joe flips his mind later. It's not everyday your best buddy

reveals to you that he has been lying about how he has his back due to birth defect since high school. Fabricating an alter ego. He has been his poker face, getting better each year as time goes by. He has been the most monstrously behind him - a full grown wing - on his back - not like a bat - but more like a bat - looked on but more bat quality almost dare he imagines - a gargoyl?

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

From the point when it slowly emerge poking out from his skin on his back, Jack has stopped asking all the why/how/when questions because it's no point forcing an answer out from someone who hasn't gotten a clue neither. Best route of action, a decision one can only hope rings true/right given the uniqueness of the occurrence, would be to accept it and make the best out of this strange turn of event that happen one night when he turned 12. Boy, puberty really hit him weird. Humour was certainly a trait he thankfully developed to keep his mind off something trivial. Now, with a wingspan longer than his arm stretch, hiding such a massive appendage for a long period really has taken Jack misery, almost to tears, of the physical pain binding it down would result from that cover-up. Now he knows how pegion feels being used by magicians. Those bastards. But for now, only one thought has been making Jack at the brink of insanity all day:

He REALLY needs to open up. Figuratively and emotionally.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

**i** You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[About](#) [Home](#) [Feedback](#) [Facebook](#) [Twitter](#) [Instagram](#)